

MY LODGING.

A Favourite MAD SONG.



MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare ;
But that which grieves me more, love,
Is the coldness of my dear :
Yet still he cry'd, turn, love,
I pray thee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the only girl, love,
That is adored by me.

With a garland of straw I'll crown thee, love,
I'll marry thee with a rush ring ;
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
So merrily I shall sing.
Yet still he cry'd, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Oh! I must endure the smart, love,
And tumble in straw all alone.
Yet still he cry'd, &c.

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